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FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

AT the head of the main stairway of the Museum stands a beautiful bronze statue of a boy about twelve years old. We think he was a prince who lived in Rome a little before the time of Christ. Perhaps you would enjoy seeing this statue more if you knew something about the life of a Roman boy twenty centuries ago. So I have written for you the imaginary account of three days in the boyhood of a Roman prince who really lived and whom this statue may possibly represent. He was named Germanicus. You will read of him in history; for he belonged to the ruling family and was later a successful general.

After you have looked long enough at the statue to feel acquainted with this interesting Roman boy, should you not like to search for some other things in the Museum? Suppose you go to the Gold Room on the same floor—ask where it is—and hunt for a bulla such as Germanicus wore as a charm around his neck during his boyhood. The label reads: Bulla (Pendant), Etruscan, V or VI Century B.C. If you examine some of the other objects in the same case, I am sure you will say that the Greeks and Romans knew how to make beautiful jewelry: necklaces, earrings, pins, and rings.

On the floor below, you can find in the Bronze Room a wonderful big chariot that will suggest the form of the chariots used in the triumphal procession of Tiberius and the chariot race that Germanicus saw, though they were probably not so heavy as this one and they were drawn by four horses abreast, rather than two, as here. The label for this chariot reads: Etruscan Chariot (Big), VI Century B. C. If your eyes are very sharp, you can also see in this room, in a wall case, some styles, as they are labeled, like the stylus Germanicus used on his first day at school to write on his wax-covered tablet. The flat end was his eraser.

In the Room of Recent Accessions near the main hall on Fifth Avenue is a vase, called a krater or mixing bowl, that shows excellently such a sceptre surmounted by an eagle as Tiberius carried in his triumph.

These are only a few out of many things that you might find in the Museum to illustrate the life of a Roman boy twenty centuries ago.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A ROMAN PRINCE

GERMANICUS' FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

IT is very early in the morning. The sun has not yet risen above the eastern horizon, but Germanicus has been up for an hour. He has been dressed with unusual care in a long, flowing toga of spotless white with a purple stripe around the edge, and has eaten his breakfast of bread and cheese and ripe olives. Now he stands at the door bidding good-bye to his mother; for this is to be his first day at school. He is six years old. Themis, one of the slaves in the household, is ready, lantern in hand, to accompany him through the dark, narrow streets of Rome to the school, where he should be just as the sun appears. He looks longingly back at his toys: his checkers, the nuts with which he plays, his favorite hobby horse, his top and hoop and swing. He remembers the good times he has often had at his mother's side, listening to stories of Romulus and Remus, Cincinnatus, or Scipio Africanus, or of his own father Drusus, now fighting for Rome far in the German forests. Themis also, who is a Greek though a slave, has taught him a few Greek words. Indeed, he would be quite content to stay at home, but then he could never become a well-educated man like his father.

It is not a happy day for Germanicus. He clings to Themis as they thread the narrow streets. When he reaches the schoolroom, the master, seated at a desk at the front of the room, looks to him very cross and forbidding, and behind the master hangs a great stick to punish lazy boys. Germanicus feels very small and insignificant as he sits on his bench in front. He tries hard to form the letters well on his wax-covered wooden tablet with the sharp-pointed stylus, but very frequently he has to smooth out the soft wax on which he has made mistakes and to try again. Worse yet are his first examples in long Roman

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE CHILDREN'S BULLETIN

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE BULLETIN
OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
FOR DECEMBER, MCMXVI



HEAD OF A STATUE OF A ROMAN PRINCE
END OF FIRST CENTURY B. C.

numerals which he can not possibly do without little pebbles placed in the different columns of his counting frame.

But the day passes as days always do, be they happy or not, and five years later, when Germanicus takes his younger brother Claudius to school for the first time, he laughs at his brother's fears.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY

Great is the rejoicing in Rome. Tiberius with his army of Roman legions has fought with rare success in Germany and has crossed the Rhine. On his return to Rome, a military triumph has been declared for him. It is a gala day indeed. Every house is adorned with wreaths; incense is burning on the altars of all the temples; the crowds shout incessantly, "Io triumphe!"; every Roman is happy.

Germanicus, now eight years old, is the happiest boy in Rome; for the victorious general, Tiberius, is his uncle. Early in the morning he is dressed and ready and with each passing hour his excitement increases. Themis again is his companion as long before the procession begins he takes his place near the city gate.

Here Tiberius and his army are met by the senate, the city magistrates, and many prominent citizens. Thence they proceed along the narrow streets to the Sacred Way

and on through the Forum to the Capitol. All the way the lictors, with their fasces as badge of their authority, go before them clearing the street. Soldiers wearing crowns appear first, bearing the spoils of war—standards once carried at the head of

the barbarian army, armor they have worn, statues that represent the rivers and towns the Roman legions have been through. Next come priests leading oxen with their horns gilded and with garlands around their necks, ready for the sacrifice that is to be offered to the gods. After them walk the sullen captives of war, dragging their chains and not willing to look up at the people jeering them. And then all eyes turn toward Tiberius, clad in a purple toga and a tunic richly embroidered with palm branches and holding in his hand an ivory sceptre surmounted by an eagle. As Tiberius sees Germanicus in the crowd, he smiles and bows, bringing a quick flush of joy to the boy's face. The general rides in a chariot drawn by four spirited horses while a servant



A ROMAN PRINCE
END OF FIRST CENTURY B. C.

stands behind him and holds over his head a golden crown; singers and flute players walk beside the car; after him march the members of his army.

At the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill, Tiberius places his golden crown in the

lap of the statue of Jupiter and sacrifices to the immortal gods in gratitude for victory. The augurs, whose duty it is to interpret the signs, find the omens all favorable. A flock of birds flying over on the left means good fortune. Nothing mars the pleasure of the day.

Many times afterward Germanicus repeated the story of this day to little Claudius, who was too young to have a part in its enjoyment.

BECOMING OF AGE

The seventeenth of February following his sixteenth birthday was a date toward which a Roman boy looked forward as eagerly as does an American boy to becoming of age and casting his first vote.

To Germanicus the long-wished-for day has come. This day he is to lay aside his boyish clothing, the toga praetexta with its purple stripe, for the clothes of a man, the toga virilis of purest white.

First come the ceremonies in his own home before the household gods, the Lares—the taking of the auguries, which are favorable, to his great joy, the pouring out of the libation of wine, the placing of the toga around his shoulders while all the family look on. He places upon the neck of one of the household gods the gold bulla which he has worn around his own neck ever since he can remember, as a charm to ward off the evil eye, and bids farewell to all his childish games and toys. Claudius can have them now; he has more important things to do.

After these ceremonies in the home are all completed the members of the family go together up to the Capitol to offer sacrifices there more publicly. Then Germanicus walks to the Forum, where he is to spend a part of each day after this. There his name is written in the list of Roman citizens.

How glad he is that he is a Roman and a prince!

To-morrow he will begin to take his place in the affairs of the Imperial City. All the privileges of a Roman citizen will be his. He may vote and he may go to war. His mornings will be spent in the Forum; in the afternoon he will go to the Field of Mars to exercise by running, leaping, wrestling, hurling the quoits, or playing ball. Then he will join the other men at the public baths, enjoying the hot and cold baths and completing his toilet for the dinner hour to follow. As he is a man now, he will be permitted to witness manly, exciting sports, the chariot races in the Circus Maximus, the gladiatorial combats in the Amphitheatre.

That very afternoon he sees a most interesting race. It is a noble sight. At the signal forth from the stalls come the horses, drawing light chariots gay with paint and gilding. The charioteers stand erect, perfect in their physical development. The noise is deafening: the slamming of the doors as the horses burst forth; their hoofbeats on the hard sand; the sound of the wheels; and above all the shouts of the multitude cheering their favorite drivers.

Seven times around the course the chariots go, and turn around the barriers at each end with all the skill the charioteers possess. At the completion of each round one of the seven balls at one end of the course is removed and one of the dolphins at the other, as a token of the progress of the race. Great is the excitement; for the race is very close. When on the last lap one of the chariots forges ahead a few feet by an almost superhuman effort, the spectators are wild in their enthusiasm. The fortunate driver is escorted from the arena in triumph, and Germanicus goes home well pleased with his first day of manhood.

W. E. H.